

Come sweet Lads Sweet is the Lads that loves me.

O R

Loves invitation

To a New Tune.

COME Sweet Lads,
it's bonny Weather let's to-
Come sweet Lads, (gether
let's trip it on the Grass:
Every where,
poor Jockie seeks his Dear,
Unless that she appear,
he sees no Beauty there.

Hark the Croud,
the Mirth invites us and de-
Hark the Croud, (lights us
the Piper playes aloud,
Where all day,
the Lasses sport and play;
And every one are gay
but I when ye're away.

But my Smart
it was for Meggie not for Peggie,
Whose hard Heart,
will not kind Lovers part,
Whil'st I seek
all Corners for her sake;
Yet will not partake (break.
my Love, tho Heart should

There came Kate,
who sung so finely talkt Divinely,
Out of date,
because of Pelasiet:
Kate she's afraid,
the Girls no more a Maid,
But sure she's been betray'd
and lost her Maidens-head.

Jenny bright,
with little Francis skips and
By this light, (dances
its a very pretty sight,
She is a Lads,
can tumble on the Grass,
Look Sandy in the Face
who brought all these to pass.
F I N I S

A young Mans Resolution to prove constant to
his Sweet heart.

To the Tune of, Omnia vincit Amor,

THE Damask Rose or Lilly fair,
the Cowslip and the Pansie,
With my true Love cannot compare,
for beauty not for fancy:
The fairest Dame she doth excel
in all the World that may be:
Which makes me thus her praise tell,
So sweet's the Lads that loves me,
When first I saw her comely face,
I much admir'd her beauty,
And in my heart I did intend
to proffer her all duty;
Which willingly she did accept,
so kind and loving was she:
Which makes me, sing in each respect,
So sweet's the Lads that loves me,
Bright Cynthia in her richest Rags,
my Love doth much resemble.
Whose beauteous Beams such Rays afford
as makes my heart to tremble,
Her inward parts I much desire,
her outward are so comely,
Her Vertues all men does admire,
So sweet's the Lads that loves me:
Her face so fair, her parts so rare,
are past imagination,
All men admire where she abroad
does go for recreation,
But she is chaste as she is fair,
which to her fancy moves me,
Her beauty is without compare,
So sweet's the Lads that loves me,
Diana and her Virgin Nymphs,
that haunts the Wooddy Vallies
Free from resort of play and sport,
and with no Mankind dallies,
Are not so chaste, as is my love.
no creature can disprove me,
But rather help to bear a part;
And swear she's sweet that loves me.
Now to conclude, I ever wish
she may enjoy high pleasure,
And evermore have riches store,
wanting no earthly Treasure,
But while that she and I do live
no creature e're shall move me,
Nor alter once my mind from her,
So sweet's the Lads that loves me.

F I N I S